



PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



CANADA AS "MOTHER MANDELBAUM."



## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25  
 (England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)  
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INCL. POSTAGE. 68

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**Dean Swift did not pose as a prophet** to any great extent, and when he wrote that curious and somewhat vulgar satire on the general condition of things in England called "Gulliver's Travels," he probably had no idea that he was inspired with the foresight of a seer. Yet, many of the scenes in that book are quite applicable to the passing events of the present in this country. It is not many moons since we had an amiable old chicken-feeder by the name of Hayes at the head of the government of this country. Compared with the able men of both the great political parties, he was no bigger than Gulliver among the giants. The condition of things, however, is now changed. We have a man at the head of the government who, in force of character and honesty of purpose, bears the same relation to the average politician or so-called statesman as Gulliver did to the people of Lilliput. It will be remembered, too, that the Lilliputians wholly underestimated the power of Gulliver. That is another point of resemblance between Swift's tale and the events of to-day. Cleveland's strength has been underestimated. Even Mr. Dana made that mistake. Mr. Dana knows better now. So do the rest of the boys.

Those who have read Dean Swift's cheerful book will remember, and those who have not are hereby informed, that dissensions arose in the ranks of the Lilliputians, and war was at hand. Then Gulliver rose up, waded gently but resolutely into the sea where it was over the heads of the Lilliputians, and walked off with the fleet of the enemy, thus destroying their chances of making war. Mr. Cleveland has followed the example of Gulliver. He has waded into troubled waters which were quite over the heads of the Republicans and of most of the Democrats, and has quietly walked off with the war-ships of the enemy.

He has taken from them their sloop-of-war "Mormon Question," their swift cruiser "Silver Question," their frigates "Sound Money" and "Tariff Reform," their unarmed light-ship "Harmony Between North and South," and

their double-turreted, heavy-armored, iron-clad ram "Friend of the Negro." And what is more, he has proved that these vessels now belong, by right of capture, to the Democratic party. And still better, he has taken the dummy guns out of them, put in cannon that will shoot, and he is going to make them speak on and after this date. That's what Mr. Cleveland has done with the war-ships of the enemy—except one. The name of that one was "Bloody Shirt Issue." Mr. Cleveland has put his foot on that vessel, and kicked her to the bottom of the sea of oblivion. Civil-Service Reform and the other names that have so long been held up by the machine workers of the Republican party to the admiring view will now have a meaning. They have become active, moving forces, instead of dead names. Something is going to be done; not so much will be said. And the gentlemen who have so long earned their political bread by using these names as watchwords will find that the man now in the executive chair intends to make the names something better than mere sounds. Mr. Cleveland is not a talker. He cannot spend two days in telling how he is going to do a day's work. He does the work, and leaves the talking to be done by the maddened, disappointed and small-souled people who thought it was better to stand by Blaine because he was the candidate of the party than to vote for Cleveland because he was the man for the place. In all political history no bitterer blow ever fell upon a party than the defeat of Blaine; and the bruise does not heal any the more rapidly because Grover Cleveland is every day making it more and more clear to the people at large that he was the man for the place.

They called Mother Mandelbaum a "fence." They meant that she was a person who "stood in with" the thieves, received stolen goods, and protected the criminals to the best of her ability. Such a vocation is not held in high repute in respectable communities. Now, in the community of nations there is one engaged in the "fence" business. We mean Canada. She receives the results of robberies and em-

bezzlements in the United States, takes the criminals to her bosom and protects them. When the strong arm of the United States law reaches out after the thieves, Canada leans gently over the boundary line and says: "I have them and you can't get them." This attitude of Canada is reprehensible, and she knows it. She has no right to make of herself an asylum for thieves and swindlers. The only proper thing for her to do is to acknowledge that her position is wrong and to go to work to set it right. No country which possessed an atom of self-respect would consent to be placed in such a light before the world as United States criminals have placed Canada. There ought to be an extradition treaty covering those offenses which the near neighborhood of a safe refuge is making daily more common in this country. If Canada is not empowered to enter into such treaties herself, she ought to send up such a clamor to the home government that the matter would have to be attended to. Canada is not much trouble to great Britain, and the mother country should see to it that her best-behaved child is put in a proper position before the world.

Fire-escapes are unquestionably good things to have about the house. At any rate, they are handy. Let any one who doubts this go and take a look at a tenement-house. There he will see the horny-handed son of toil stretched out on the fire-escape, enjoying that repose which he needs so much in the afternoon. He will see the wife of the bosom of the horny-handed son of toil engaged in washing his clothing and other people's in a fat tub on the fire-escape. He will see the children of the aforesaid son playing the sweet and tender game of "Maul-the-Cat." He will see the dust-pan and brooms, the spare bedding, the potato-barrels, the old stoves, the refrigerator, the flower-pots and a few assorted lots of odd children—all on the fire-escapes. And he will make up his mind that fire-escapes are good to have around. That is, they are good to have around to put things on. But their name ought to be changed. No one could escape from a fire on one. He would be hopelessly tangled up in bedding, potatoes, children and brooms. There ought to be some other way provided for getting out of a building on fire. Or else there ought to be some way of keeping the escapes clear and unobstructed. Whether there ever will be or not, is difficult to tell. Until there is, however, the population will be occasionally diminished by the pleasant operation of roasting in tenement-house fires. We should suggest to some of our missionary friends that they might do something useful by agitating a reform in this matter.

## A STROLL ON THE AVENUE.



MR. SLIM.—"Bah Jove, Chawly, I've had a glorious pwomenade down the Avenue. There's lots of pwitty girls out, and I attwacked a great deal of attention."

CHARLEY.—"I should say so! With your scarf slipped down inside your vest and that aged shirt-front in full view. I wonder you weren't arrested."

ALTHOUGH IT is two years since PUCK put his First Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK in the market, he rises to remark that that First Crop is just about as lively as ever. In fact, the First Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is now in its Thirteenth Edition, and it is going to keep right on, each edition getting a little larger than the preceding one. PUCK also wishes to state, through inability to supply the great demand for his First Crop, he has put out a Second Crop of his choicest "PICKINGS," in order that all his friends may have a chance to laugh. This Second Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is now in its Second Edition, and the pressmen at work on it don't have to take Turkish baths to get rid of their rheumatism. They are kept perspiring from morning until night, and they run off an edition with the same ease and grace as a bank-president runs off with the funds of his institution.

Ask your newsdealer for a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Second Crop, which is a brand-new, never-before-reprinted selection of PUCK's best in picture and letter-press. And if the newsdealer says he has it not, then, dearly beloved, send twenty-five cents to this office, and get a copy by return mail.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,  
Second Crop,  
Price, twenty-five cents.

Remember, the First and Second Crops are entirely different!

## PICTORIAL PARAGRAPHS.



"THERE ARE only a few hundred organ-grinders in Italy," according to a vital statistician. Then it is as we feared; they all come to this country.

THERE ARE ninety different styles of collars in use by gentlemen in this country, but the very worst of all is the collar that is one size too small for the shirt-band. This is reliable.

IT is said that a Tennessee editor keeps two large snakes in a glass case in his editorial room. It has been a hard year on Tennessee editors, and economy is a necessity. This plan reduces his expenses considerably. He can now drink a glass of water, and by looking at the snakes, secure all the pleasure of a prolonged three-dollar spree.



## A THREATENED INDUSTRY.

(In our account of the National Convention of American Undertakers last week, we unintentionally omitted printing the able and interesting speech of Delegate Paradise Grubb, from Deadman's Gulley, Nevada. We hasten to correct our error—extending to the gentleman and the beneficent organization of which he is an excellent representative the assurances of our renewed consideration.)—ED.

## THE ORATION.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen (*cheers*):

I am proud to meet you. I come as a delegate from the bounding West—from a land where our profession is more appreciated and more frequently employed to the square mile than in any other section or quarter-section alive. For that reason, gentlemen, I hope the next annual ceremony will be held around my diggings. (*Cries: "We will."*) What could be pleasanter to the professional heart than setting the camp-stools in the great hall in Dead Horse, or in the chapel at Murderer's Gulch? What nobler city-gates could you enter than those of Tombstone? Think of it! A country where the pop of the pistol is heard through the halls, and where the death-rate

always holds fours to the birth-rate's ace-high! (*Prolonged cheering.*)

Gentlemen—I call your attention to a momentous fact. Government, our government is growing too centralized, too despotic. It begins to threaten our existence. I know not if you see it. I do. These Boards of Health are raising Sheol with us. There was a time when an endemic meant prosperity and an epidemic untold wealth. It is so no more. Health-officers are taking down our plumes and removing our silver-plated handles. I read this morning that the public health in New York was never better! (*Pause—ominous silence.*) What does this mean? It means stagnation, loss and ruin to the grandest profession of the nineteenth century. (*Loud applause.*) Let government mind its own business, and not attempt to run the cortège of life and death!

Next, and equally important, I call your attention to this new-fangled ceremony of cremation. (*Hisses and groans.*) Here is its circular. When I read it I blush for my country. It says: "Cremation is cheap, cleanly, beneficent and wise. It will do away with the extravagance, ostentation, danger and barbarism of burial." A libel! A miserable, mean and pitiable lie! There is no extravagance with us. We wait months for our money, and when you consider that an undertaker will frequently live a whole year on one funeral, it is the best proof possible of our economy and thrift. I said undertaker, but I dislike the word. Let us henceforth say "funeral-director," "mortuary artist," or "epthalamist." These are toney. It took me two days to get them out of the dictionary.

And last, I call your attention to the way the clergy is going back on us. I see it everywhere. They advise people to have simple funerals and penny turn-outs. They put cards, "No flowers," in the papers, and so cut off our perquisites. They counsel private ceremonies, and so knock out our commission from the stable-keeper. Gentlemen—In my opinion they're on the strike. We have the skeleton and they want a bone. We all know the improvement we enjoyed after we began feeing doctors. (*Cheers.*) I therefore suggest that this convention make a schedule of clergymen's rates, basing the same on the number of carriages and the general finish and style of the event. It is evident to me that such a course will result in a boom similar to that enjoyed in the cholera days, and similar, let us all hope, to what we are to have in the coming summer. I thank you for your manifestations of approval. In the dialect of my home, I can only say, "Friends and pards, how!" W. E. S. F.

## A SERIOUS STAKE.



"Well—you've won. And here's the cigar I bet you."  
"Say! I'll give you your revenge. We'll put that cigar up again and have another game—and make it this way: if you lose again you have to smoke the cigar."

## Puckerings.

TO MY  COLLAR.

Thou shape of snowy loveliness! (Alack,  
There goes that patent button down my back!)  
Thou art the last, frail being, of the score  
I laid last Friday night within the drawer;  
My credit 's had upon the laundry docket,  
And I have but a quarter in my pocket.

Thy birth was far away. I see the Eastern looms,  
The seven-year-contract slaves who man 'em,  
The Yankee spinners in their private rooms,  
(There goes that cursed stud, oh, botheration!)  
Mixing imported flax, half good, half-rotten,  
With lowest grade Louisiana cotton;  
The thrifty Massachusetts corporation  
Paying its twenty-five per cent per annum.

I see the dainty cloth exposed for sale,  
(I might have known I'd break my finger-nail!)  
The Hebrew salesman, full of lying pride,  
Warrants thee "Finest Irish—full yard wide";  
The rich contractor in the prison shop  
(Now where on earth did that pearl button drop?)  
Paddling the convicts as they stagger by him,  
To turn a few more dozen out per diem;  
The sewing-girl, whose labors never cease,  
Hemming and folding at a cent apiece.

I see my launderer, almond-eyed and bland,  
(There goes the sewing of that collar-band!)  
Dreaming of Buddha or some other "josh,"  
While squirting water o'er my weekly wash,  
Building fair castles in the Chinese air  
From cuffs and collars at three cents a pair.

Such, collar, is the lesson thou hast spoken  
(I fear that button-hole is almost broken!)  
Unto the world. (It 's burst. The deuce was in it!)  
To thee my love and thanks. (O Lord, I've got to  
pin it!) F.

UNDER THIS administration—blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

GLADSTONE is the John L. Sullivan of English politics—he has met everything else and conquered; but alcohol knocks him out.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is said to contemplate writing a sequel to her poem, "Malaria." She will call it "Quinine." This is indeed a bitter pill.

"SOME OF ex-Governor Hale's best friends are the heaviest losers from his failure." Well, you couldn't expect his enemies to put money into his business, could you?"

AN EXPERIENCED ex-paying-teller in an American bank was recently asked by a Montreal friend how a bank should be robbed. "First," replied the financier: "find a fool for a president."

"OH, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?" This question has been answered in a satisfactory manner by the discovery that "Sheol" means "Sheol"—only this, and nothing more.

NOW THAT it has come out that B. F. Butler was "in with" Secor Robeson, it is pleasant to imagine the scene of "making up" between Secor and Charles Venom Dana if the latter's candidate had been elected to the Presidency.

A WALL STREET messenger-boy recently found a package containing fifty thousand dollars, which he returned to the owner, and received one dollar for his honesty. The same week the defaulting official of a city bank, who returned one hundred thousand dollars that he had stolen, was given the remaining hundred thousand dollars of his stealings as a reward for his dishonesty. Honesty is the best policy only in story-books nowadays.



## FALSE INDICATIONS.



Fair Lily Lee,  
A blush I caught  
When last we met,  
Or so I thought.

Now comes to me  
Conviction strong,  
On second thoughts,  
That I was wrong.

My heart's fond hope  
Was folderol—  
'Twas but the lining  
Of your parasol.

## THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

I have always had a deep and reverent admiration for a farmer. I have had it ever since I watched one plowing a field in long straight furrows, and made up my mind that was the easiest business I had ever run across.

"Here is the business for me," said I: "No more climbing the back stairs of an editorial sanctum with a spring poem, to be met with an editor's sarcastic remark that he would not be able to print it till autumn. I'm going to be a farmer—not a common, ordinary farmer, with trousers in my boots and wheat-chaff in my hair, but a gentleman farmer who knows how to make ten acres enough and to raise strawberries in February. I'm going to show this benighted and stolid community what a live man with a great fund of energy and a little North American capital in cold greenbacks can do when he wants to hump himself."

Then I scanned the columns of the newspapers till I found an advertisement of a farm for sale—twenty acres, with dwelling, barns, outhouses, and running water on the premises. That was good enough for me. I didn't want too big a farm to begin on. I wanted one that I could be sure of getting away with.

I went down to the place to see it. Well, it wasn't just what I anticipated. The barns and outhouses weren't what my fancy had painted them. They were not what anything else had painted them for a long time, either. In fact, I don't believe they had ever been painted. The running water on the premises was a drain; but then I didn't know that I had any right to grumble about that.

I asked the man who wanted to sell it why he was going to leave. He said he had been farming for seven years there, and had come to the conclusion that he needed more room. Twenty acres wasn't enough for him. He wanted a couple of prairies, more or less, and then he could rake in enough hay to feed his horse.

I smiled in lofty scorn and bought the farm. Then I had those barns and outhouses painted a bright, sparkling, Oriental red. They were about the only thing on that farm that I ever painted red.

I took down several patent plows and mowers and reapers and harrows and incubators and corn-poppers and other farming implements. Then I went out and got a few horses and mules and pigs, and about a million chickens. I did not pay for a million, but I knew there were a million when they got to work on their morning cackle when I was sleepy. Then I harnessed up two of the horses to a subsoil plow, and went out to show the neighborhood who I was.

Well, they knew all about me before long. The first furrow I plowed got sort of crazy before I got to the end of it, and ran me into a stump. That subsoil plow knew its business, and tried to go right down under the stump. Well, the horses weren't strong enough to pull out the stump, but they pulled the plow over, and I described a parabola through the balmy

morning air and alighted in a wild blackberry bush on the other side of the stump. I said quite a piece then, and it wasn't in the prayer-book, either.

I made up my mind then that plowing was beneath me. I ought to aspire to the higher and more artistic portions of the business. I hired a man to do the plowing. He did it quite as well as I could, and didn't seem to mind it as much.

I next turned my attention to the dairy. I had made up my mind that if there was one thing more than another that needed reform it was the dairy. The deep disrepute into which milk has fallen arises from the fact that the milkmen don't use judgement in it as well as water.

I said to myself that the proper way to do was to put the water into the cow instead of the milk. This would increase the quantity of the milk, while the cow would have enough respect for her own reputation not to let the quality be inferior. So I took up my post in the pasture-field the next day, armed with a refrigerator full of ice and a bucket. Every little while I filled up the bucket with ice-water, and gave the cow a good big drink. The cow liked the scheme first-rate, and when I got a little tired and didn't come to time with the water, she came around behind me and butted me down into the pool under the drain. I told her she needn't do that again; I could take a hint. I was only using one cow, you know.

Next day the cow didn't give any milk at all. She couldn't, very well, because she was dead.

It occurred to me then that a man had no business bothering with the dairy. That was the place for a woman—a dairy-maid. So I hired one. She was a good-looking dairy-maid, and had beautiful arms. I used to stand and watch her. That is, I used to until my wife came out and saw me one day. After that I watched my wife.

Pretty soon it seemed to me that when the cold winter nights came about and the buckwheat-cakes were blooming on the old kitchen stove I should want some honey to ease their downward flight. I had read in a book on farming that the way to make bees swarm was to go out where the bees were and beat on a tin pan. So I had a hive made, and set it up in the back yard. Then I went out to the

bees' nest. It was a pretty nest, made of mud and hung from a tree-branch. I played Gilmore's national anthem on the tin pan, but the bees just stayed in the house and didn't pay any attention to me. I tried another tune, but they didn't seem to mind that, either.

Then I said to myself: "I've got to compel this community to emigrate. I'll work the Irish land law on them with a stone. I'll evict them. I've got a perfect right to do that, because they live on my premises and don't pay any rent."

So I picked up a stone and threw it at the nest, and then played on the tin pan. The bees came out that time. They swarmed, too. They swarmed right on me. I swarmed. I swarmed all by myself. So did they. I swarmed down the road—hastily. I wanted to get there. I didn't know just where, but I wanted to get there as soon as I could.

My man, who was working in the field, called to me to stop. I told him I didn't want to stop then. I was in a hurry. He said afterwards he would have been in a hurry, too, if he'd had a township of hornets digging port-holes in his back. I told him they weren't hornets; they were bees. He said they answered the purpose just as well, anyhow, and I guessed he was about right.

Well, I kept right on farming, all the same. I'm not going to tell you about all the great, original, revolutionary ideas I introduced into the business. None of them resulted just as I had hoped they would. I came to the conclusion finally that it wasn't a good business for originality. It was too conservative for a man of my genius. What I needed was some such occupation as book-keeping in a bank, where I could display my ingenuity to greater pecuniary advantage.

The farmer who lived next door came over and said I ought to put something on the land, so that it would raise better crops. I told him I had put something on it.

"What is it?" said he.

"A mortgage," said I: "if this land's got any life in it, let it raise that."

I gave up farming then and took to the woods. When I got out I went home and asked my wife to keep me as calm and quiet as she could for the rest of my life. She's doing it. She sits on me every day to keep me down, so I shall not be too original.

## PREPARATIONS FOR THE EPIDEMIC AT THE SEASIDE.

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.



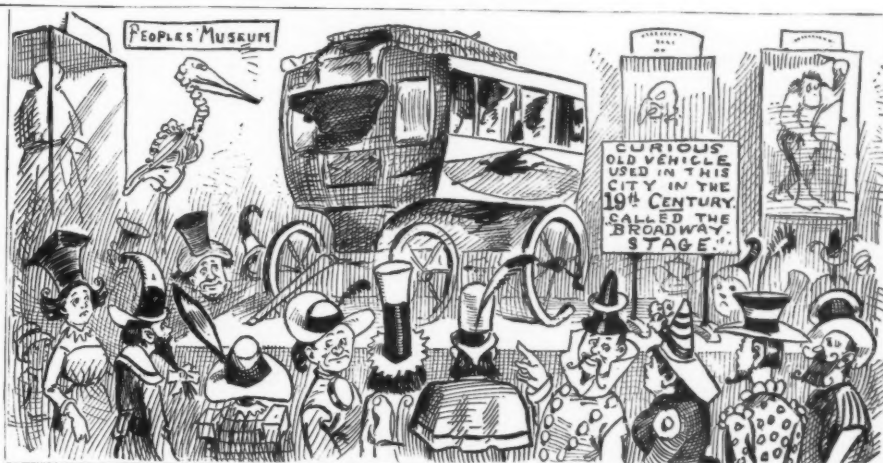
"I SAY, JACK, THAT OUGHT TO FECH 'EM—EH?"



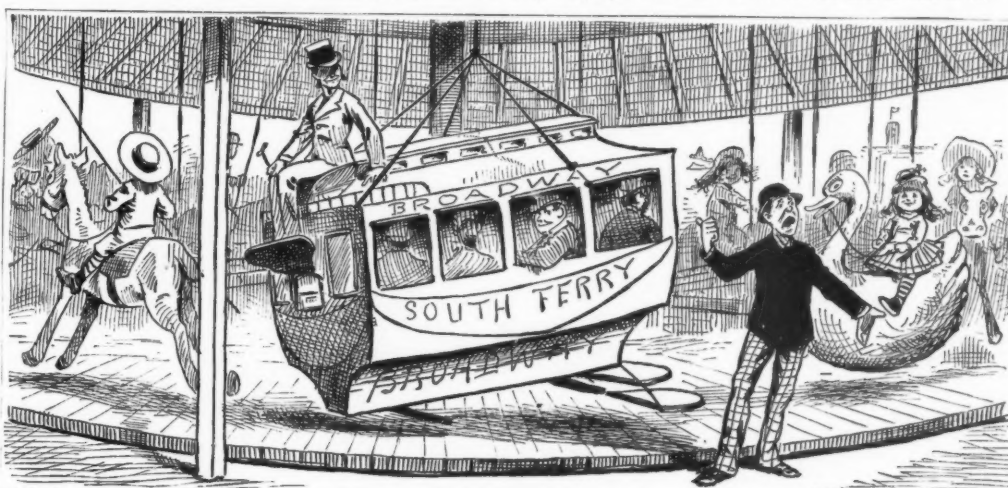
## THE FUTURE OF THE BROADWAY STAGES.



Shantytown can use them.



A. D. 1950. CHORUS OF VISITORS.—“How the poor people must have suffered who had to ride in it!”



Those who still love the Broadway stages will probably be able to ride in them at Coney Island.



A Suggestion.—The Broadway Stage Picnic-Excursion Barge Line.

## HE HOPED FOR THE BEST.

Mrs. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling her husband how well she was getting along.

“I am afraid,” he said: “that it is nothing but a ‘spasm.’ I’ve known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate ‘the son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,’ or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought twenty-five or fifty dollars’ worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist.”

“But that’s not the case with me,” replied Mrs. Jones, confidently: “I am doing so splen-

didly. Professor Froglegg says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that his progress is always rapid.”

“Well,” said Jones, with a sigh: “I don’t want to interpose any objections, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It’s something you have never been able to do in English.”

A CHICAGO PAPER contains the following head-line: “Paradise Found.” We didn’t know Chicago ever had Paradise to lose.

THERE ARE fifty farms in Switzerland devoted to snail culture. The slower this business is, the better it prospers.

## IN SEARCH OF A MAN.

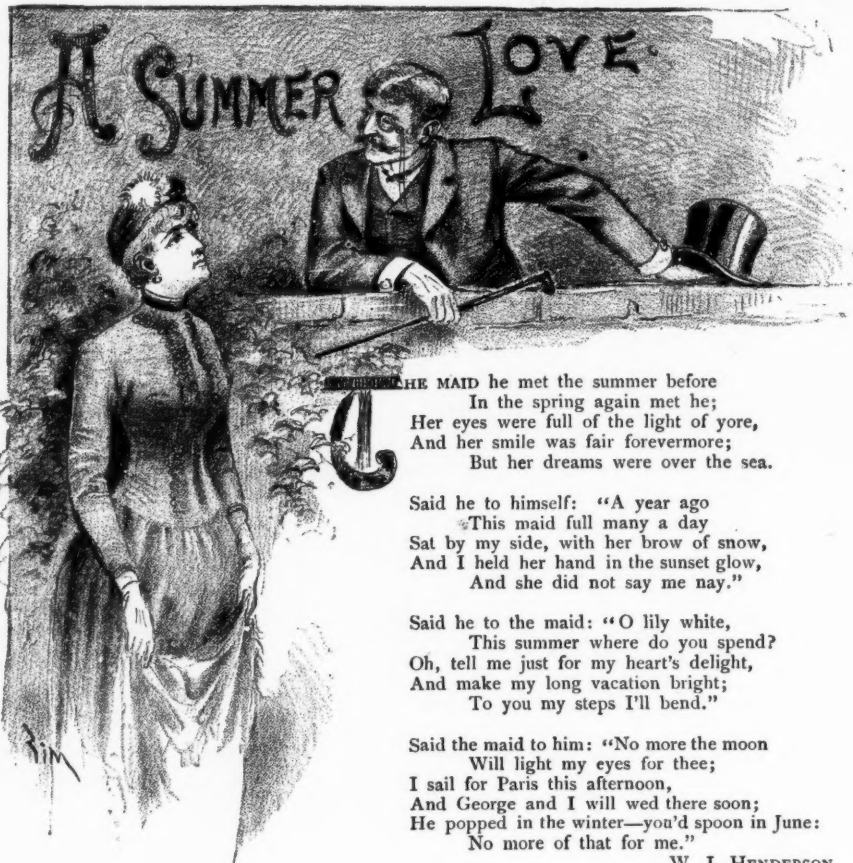
“Do you know a man by the name of Legion?” inquired Dumley of a friend.

“Legion? No, I never heard of him.”

“Jenkins told me last night that I had been called the biggest fool-jackass on earth, and when I demanded the man’s name he said it was Legion. I’m looking for him.”

AN APPROPRIATE epitaph for Ananias—“*Hic jacet a jaceter.*”

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Wis., has \$8,000 in the treasury and no debts to pay. Wisconsin is too near Canada, evidently, to encourage any enterprise on the part of city officials.



THE MAID he met the summer before  
In the spring again met he;  
Her eyes were full of the light of yore,  
And her smile was fair forevermore;  
But her dreams were over the sea.

Said he to himself: "A year ago  
This maid full many a day  
Sat by my side, with her brow of snow,  
And I held her hand in the sunset glow,  
And she did not say me nay."

Said he to the maid: "O lily white,  
This summer where do you spend?  
Oh, tell me just for my heart's delight,  
And make my long vacation bright;  
To you my steps I'll bend."

Said the maid to him: "No more the moon  
Will light my eyes for thee;  
I sail for Paris this afternoon,  
And George and I will wed there soon;  
He popped in the winter—you'd spoon in June:  
No more of that for me."

W. J. HENDERSON.

### CONFUSION.

A gentleman who wore an aspect of innate radiance, varied at times by fitful spasms of dignified reserve, came over the Bridge from Brooklyn the other night, and stood proudly gazing downward and smiling softly to himself.

"Ur-roor," he observed, pleasantly, to his boots: "I'm once more on *terr' firm'* (hic). Ur-roor."

He expressed his sentiments quietly, as became a well-bred man, and raising his head, gazed foggily about. He saw seven hundred elevated railroads bobbing about flamboyantly amid clusters of electric-lights, while in the distance the City Hall swayed gracefully back and forth, until there was a monstrous semicircle of clock-towers that rose from the earth like an imperial Titan's diadem. Myriads of snorting car-horses galloped toward him from every side, and the air vibrated with uncouth and canny sounds.

"Ur-roor," he said, faintly: "wash goin' on?"

Then he straightened up suddenly, assumed an expression of baffling *hauteur*, stalked with zig-zag dignity to an up car, and deposited himself, with abject precipitation, but unruffled propriety, into the conductor's arms. That functionary loaded his burden into a corner of the car with the *blasé* air of one accustomed to that sort of thing, and rang up the fare.

"Thish Thirdav-noocar?" asked the gentleman from the corner, in a very brisk and business-like voice.

"Betcher life, Irish," responded the conductor, cordially.

"Well, 'f 'tis, I wan' t'getoff at Thir'four-stree'ferr' to ketch twel'clock Long Island train. Y'un'erstan'? Here's fif' senze. Keep shange, an' get me off't Thir'for'stree'ferr'. 'M goin' t'sleep. Had little t'mush—t'mush—bread, y'un'erstan'?"

"Irish," said the conductor, warmly: "leave it to me. I'll make that train or bust a lung. I've said it."

With this he pocketed the coin, winked significantly, and retired to the stern of the car, while the compact little man in the corner folded his chubby hands across a gently undulating waistcoat and fell into peaceful, child-like and tranquil slumber.

The car rolled on tumultuously.

At Ninth Street, Mr. P. H. Ferdinand Iggins, the famous Harlem swell, boarded the car and sank, with careless grace, into the corner nearest to that so thoroughly occupied by the gentleman bound for the Long Island Railroad. Mr. Iggins wore well-rounded shoulders, thin legs, evening dress, and a vapid smile. His moustache was meek, and his dancing-pumps and red hose quite the thing—in Harlem.

"Conductor," he said, with his practiced society smile: "I've been on a turrubul racket with some toney gurls down here—millionaires' daughters—who gave a hop to-night, an' they're all broke up on me, an' I want you to wake me when I get to my street, 'cause I've got to open the store at six o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

"What street, Clarence?" asked the conductor, indulgently.

I neglected to say that the conductor had a hoarse voice, a queer eye, and a red flannel rag wound round his neck.

"Hundred-an'-tenth Street, please. Here's my fare. Don't drop it, for goodness' sake, for I haven't another penny, an', do you know, I had nearly two dollars when I started out on this racket to-night."

He, too, slept while the car moved on its blithesome way, and the conductor exchanged views with a Seventh Ward statesman, who smoked a grocery-store cigar on the rear platform with the immunity of one who has a political pull.

"These here wugmumps makes me sad in my heart," the conductor was saying, in the voice of a base-ball umpire: "an' I ain't ashamed to admit it. 'Corse why? 'Corse—"

"Me an' Grover was talkin' over dat very t'ing las' week," began the statesman, when

the conductor's eye fell upon the Thirty-sixth Street lamp-post, and with one dexterous twist he pulled the bell-strap, seized the sleeping man in the nearest corner, and landed him dazed and confused in the street.

"There you are, Irish!" yelled the conductor, cheerfully, as the car rattled away: "two blocks back an' turn to yer left—as you was sayin', Alderman?"

When the car rolled into the stables at One hundred-and-twenty-ninth Street in the early morning, it carried a plump little gentleman in the corner. The conductor looked in, said "Great Scott, it's Irish!" and stole craftily away.

An hour or two later, as the complacent gentleman from Brooklyn rolled down-town on the forward platform of another car, smoking a Harlem cigar to keep him awake, he passed an apparition wearing red hose and a bitter-sweet smile. It was P. H. Ferdinand Iggins toiling toward his home.

BLAKELY HALL.

A WESTERN NEWSPAPER advises "Sybil" to submit her manuscript to an editor if she wants to dispose of it. If she is anxious to dispose of it, let her forget to inclose any postage-stamps in the letter. This rule always works, especially if the manuscript is poetry.

A BOSTON FRUIT-DEALER recently shipped a cargo of bananas to this city, and lost twenty-three thousand dollars on the lot. We may remark that he is not the first man to slip up on bananas.

A SPECIES OF fish five feet long has been found petrified in a quarry at Rock Prairie, Ill. It was probably a rock bass. It is not a new species.

IT IS said that there are eighty-two glue factories in this country, employing two thousand hands. We thought glue was made of hoofs.

"It's A HOT day when I get left," as the Building remarked to the Fire-Fiend.

### A STRANGE CASE.



"I understand that Snooks was arrested for embezzling from the Cash Bank last month," observed Lemline.

"Is that so?" inquired Levi: "What did he say?"

"He pleaded guilty."

"What did they do to him?"

"Sent him to the insane-asylum."



## PURITAN NEW YORK.

The placing of the statue of Ward's "Pilgrim" in Central Park was a graceful tribute offered to the character of the city by the New England Society. New York is just the place in which to erect a statue to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. The simple and Puritanical life led by the average citizen of the metropolis is always sure to make a lasting impression upon the stranger within our gates. When he returns to his native village of Philadelphia, Brooklyn or Hoboken, he dwells with enthusiasm upon the innocent pleasures which have occupied his leisure moments during his stay in the city. He praises the guileless character of the gentlemanly young man who so kindly piloted him about, and finally relieved him of further financial responsibility by becoming his purse-bearer.

This generous spirit shown toward strangers who visit New York is, I believe, easily accounted for. It is the old feeling of hospitality which has come down to every native Gothamite from his Puritan ancestors. The staunch old Puritans who landed at Castle Garden from the ship *Mayflower* were as noted for their hospitality as the Dutch settlers of Boston. Fond of harmless pastimes, but at the same time rigidly observing a strict code of ethics, they laid the foundation of the high moral tone which to-day fills the atmosphere of New York society. So it has come about that New York is now the simon-pure Puritan city of the United States.

There are all varieties of Puritans to be found in the metropolis. Scattered through the city you will find German, French, Irish, Spanish, American, Russian, English, Turkish, African, Arabian, Scotch, Japanese, Chinese, Italian and Wall Street Puritans.

The latter class is especially noticeable for its strict adherence to the old Blue Laws. You could never induce a Wall Street Puritan to deviate a hair's-breadth from the straight and narrow path of righteousness until after you had put up a good and sufficient margin.

In plain and unostentatious dwellings on Fifth and Madison Avenues will be found the solid Puritans of the city, living the severe lives of their forefathers; retiring with the chickens and being up with the lark. As they walk to their several meeting-houses on Sunday morning, Bible in hand, and with eyes meekly cast down, they present a picture which would have delighted the vision of their *Mayflower* progenitors. In the evening they gather at the Casino and listen to the sacred music of Offenbach, Suppé, Verdi, and other "hymn-tune" writers.

The male solid Puritans gather at their clubs during the week-day evenings, and amuse themselves in playing puss-in-the-corner, poker, tag, pin-pool, blind-man's buff, old sledge, hide the thimble, euchre, and other innocent games. The old reliable Puritan game of poker is a favorite with the New York descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and they become so much interested in this particular game that they have been known to sit up as late as ten o'clock playing it. They never gamble. Sometimes they make the game interesting, but they never gamble.

In Mott Street will be found the Chinese Puritans. They are noted for their innocence and ignorance of the ways of the wicked world. Following in the footsteps of the wives of the Pilgrim Fathers, they pass much of their time over the wash-tub. Their favorite pastime is "hitting the pipe," or, in United States, opium-smoking, which they, one and all, declare to be the most harmless pleasure known to mortals. As the Chinese Puritan is strictly truthful, we must take his word for everything.

The Puritans of Italian extraction living in

## A GRINDING MONOPOLY.



SMALL BOY.—"Take me in, Mister, please?"

GENTLEMAN.—"Can't you look through a knot-hole?"

SMALL BOY.—"De knot-holes is most all boarded up, an' what few dere is left is mernoperlized by de cops."

Baxter, Crosby, Cherry and Mulberry Streets still go armed like the Puritan captains of old. They are always on the watch for possible Hibernian Indians, and, like their forefathers, only wish to be let alone.

The German Puritans resemble the Pilgrim Fathers in their frugal habits and industry. They brew a liquid known as "beer," which is warranted to be as harmless as mother's milk—to the Germans. They will not guarantee its proving equally harmless to other nationalities; but a genuine German will drink several kegs of the liquid and still preserve his dignity. This fact is silver-plated, and cannot be denied.

The sweet and peaceful harmony in which the different styles of Puritans live in the metropolis reflects most creditably upon their ancestors, and, everything taken into consideration, it is difficult to say how a more appropriate statue than that of "The Pilgrim" could be erected in the parks of New York.

P. S.—It is understood that a statue of Father Knickerbocker will shortly be placed on Boston Common. C. V. TEIXEIRA.

YOUNG MR. DE DHUMME (*to Miss Boston, who has just risen from the piano*).—"Aw—thanks, my deah Miss Boston. That is a most exquisite melody. May I awsk what it is called?"

MISS BOSTON.—"It is a tarantella by Bassford, who, by the way, is a New Yorker, I believe. Have you ever met him, Mr. De Dhumme?"

YOUNG MR. DE DHUMME (*shocked*).—"No, nevah; but my mothah buys—er—plates at his shop."

A RELIGIOUS CRANK prophesies that in the third year of President Cleveland's administration "the Sun will turn as black as hair-cloth." And Mr. Dana, what of him? Will he turn black, too?

## A LEGAL DOCUMENT.

*To Hon. David B. Hill, Governor, and to the Legislature of the State of New York.*

The petition of Mr. Crowley shows:

I.—That he is a citizen of Central Park, in the City and County of New York, and, according to the genealogical researches of Messrs. Darwin and Henry Ward Beecher, is a cousin of Your Excellency and other reputable people.

II.—That he and his family have long enjoyed a good name and fame, and are known as honest, sober, orderly, law-abiding, peaceful, innocent and affectionate beings, and are deservedly esteemed and popular. That despite his avocation, (he being in the show business,) which brings him into daily contact with thousands of people, and especially mischievous children, he has not lost his temper once, nor incurred the ill-will of any citizen.

III.—That in the past month another resident of the same city, known by the same name as your petitioner, and resembling him in appearance and other animal characteristics, has been convicted of heinous crimes and offenses, and incarcerated therefor, and so brought shame and disgrace upon their common name.

IV.—That, by reason of the premises, many persons from Brooklyn, Harlem, Hoboken and other bucolic and pastoral places have confused your petitioner with the criminal and the criminal with your petitioner.

V.—That the criminal Crowley comes from Limerick, Ireland, and belongs to the Celtic race, but that your petitioner comes from Sierra Leone, and belongs to the Simian race.

Wherefore he asks leave to change his name to Hill, Puck, or some other pleasing cognomen.

And he will ever pray, etc.

MR. CROWLEY,  
*Large Cage 2, Central Park, N. Y.*

R. E. V. BURCHARD,  
*Solicitor.*



GULLIVER-CLEVELAND TAKES POSSESSION OF THE ENEMY'S





ENEMY'S FLEET AND DEPRIVES THEM OF THEIR STRENGTH.

## AN INDORSEMENT.

DR. LEONIDAS Q. J. BITTERPILL,  
Inventor, Proprietor and Manufacturer of the  
Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer.

*None Genuine without the Name Blown in the Bottle.*

GRIDDLEVILLE, N. J.

Dear Sir—I have no hesitancy in indorsing the Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer, two bottles of which you left at my Office for trial last month. In every instance where I have tried it, and given it anything like a fair chance to get in its work, it has had the most wonderful effect. As a recuperator of timid forces and latent energies I do not shrink to say it stands at the head of the procession. My mother-in-law, who has been a frail person from the cradle, when she was not excited, was able, after taking one dose, to give directions



and lead the line of march while I carried the parlor stove down-stairs; and when my foot slipped, and I rolled down ten steps to the bottom, and the stove came after me and sat upon me in a careless and indifferent sort of way, she, single-handed and without apparent exertion, "hollered" for help and sounded the fire-alarm.

My landlord, who called the other day, was induced to take a small dose of the Everlasting Life Elixir for loss of strength, of which he grievously complained. The effect was almost magical. In less than half-an-hour he was able to raise my rent without the slightest help on my part. He has called for another dose, but I have put him off with an excuse. I think he is quite strong enough for the present.

One of my most intimate neighbors, who has long suffered with exceeding lassitude, *ennui*, and a great repugnance to exercise between meals, was induced by my wife to take a teaspoonful of your Everlasting Life Elixir, and the next morning I casually noticed that more than half of a fresh load of fire-wood had dis-

appeared from my premises. I readily traced it to the yard of my neighbor who had taken your unparalleled Elixir, and being anxious to test the powers of the medicine more fully, I called him in and gave him another spoonful. I sat up and watched the wood that night, and at



about the hour of one my neighbor came out, and with the greatest ease and most perfect *sang froid* carried away the remainder of the pile. He left us so destitute that we were compelled to borrow enough wood from him to cook breakfast with. My neighbor has asked about the price of the Elixir and your address, but I have withheld the information he desires. I do not want him to buy a bottle until I can get a wood-house built, and have a strong lock put upon the door.

A stranger, who called recently and complained of feeling ill, was given a small dose of your magical Elixir, and went away seemingly much strengthened and in excellent spirits. I learned later that the visitor was the county assessor, and that he has raised the valuation of my personal property and a vacant swamp lot I happen to own from two hundred to eleven hundred dollars.

I can furnish any quantity of similar instances of the remarkable strengthening and invigorating powers of the Everlasting Life Elixir and Youth Renewer, at reasonable rates per instance, cash invariably in advance.

I am not indorsing patent-medicines for amusement this spring, as the work is wearing to the system and requires a great deal of wild, varied and original thought. Wild, varied and original thought comes high, and I am carrying such a small stock of it this season that I cannot afford to sacrifice it. You will, therefore, when you want other indorsements of the Everlasting Life Elixir, inclose twenty dollars for each indorse, not necessarily for publication, but as a mere evidence that you appreciate talent when you find it lying around loose.

P. S.—No objection to small bills.

Yours for health,

SCOTT WAY.

## THE FOREIGN ARTIST.

HOW HE IMPRESSES THE PUBLIC.

I am a happy painter, although unknown to fame—  
Carleton Van Dusen Dante is my artistic name.

My hair falls on my shoulders, I wear a large felt hat,  
Likewise a great loose collar, and purple plush cravat.

A little patch of landscape doth e'er my spirit charm,  
I love an autumn woodland or Indian summer farm.

I love to hear the blue-jay sing in the forest nook,  
I love to see the ducklet go swimming in the brook.

I paint the Rhenish castle in all its beauty grand,  
I paint old Afric's desert, with all its seas of sand.

I paint the lazy camel o'er whom the palm-trees lean,  
I paint the Turkish dancing girl with her tambourine.

I paint small Chinese pictures on fans and dainty cups,  
Such as a Mandarin fanning himself with a dozen pups.



Though all my works are foreign, ah, prithee, let me say,  
I've never once been outside of Pamrapo, N. J.  
CAPADURA HARDTACK.

A WRITER in the *Detroit Free Press* says that "wealth is for the most part got in three ways—by inheritance; by self-denial, and by care, labor and attention." The popular way for bank officials nowadays to acquire their wealth is by watching their chances and purchasing tickets for Canada.

MAN WANTS vacation here below;  
He wants it soon and long.

"TWO HUNDRED years ago there was a fish in the Arabian seas so large that the natives sawed it into planks, which they used to make roofs for their houses." This would seem to indicate that the fish lie dates further back than the present century.

"GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has a very bad opinion of New York newspaper reporters." Sala? Sala? Oh, yes. He is that English lecturer who was entertained by the Press Club a few months ago.

"WHEN is an actress too old for juvenile parts?" asks an exchange. When the young man who plays her father is several years younger than her grandson.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR says piano-thumping has taken the form of a disease. That may be so in Germany, but in this country it usually has the form of a young woman whose mother is in the kitchen washing dishes.

## Answers for the Aurious.

L. M. N.—Thanks. For you might have been much worse, you know.

SAMUEL S.—Too sentimental and soft. It might make a good dish-rag; but it won't do for a poem.

MIGGS.—You closely approach the boundary line of excellence; but you make your approach from the outside.

L. M. B.—As you are out of our reach at present, we will content ourselves with saying that we can't use your article, and that it is lucky for you that we can't.

PUCK ne'er returns rejected works,  
And every one should know 't;  
If the office-boy his duty shirks,  
They're fed unto the goat.

A MICHIGAN REPUBLICAN postmistress has married a Democrat who will probably be her successor in office. Some women would do most anything to have the privilege of reading postal-cards.

A SHAMELESS EXCHANGE asks: "Could you call stealing a pocket-book a purse-nal attack?" Yes, we could; but we wouldn't. Two wrongs do not make a right.

THE BOSTON *Transcript* heads a column article "What a Kiss Did." It is not astonishing that a kiss should create such excitement in Boston. The girl probably had her spectacles on at the time.



## A REMINISCENCE OF RECONSTRUCTION.



THE ex-Special Agent of the Treasury Department swallowed his whiskey, lay down his cigar, and went on: He looked all broke up. I couldn't make it out, 'cos ever since we'd made him Loo-tenant-Guv'nor he'd been the sassiest nigger in the state. Canal Street wasn't big 'nuff to hold him. So when he'd got the lather rubbed in, I asked him what was hangin' to him. He shook his head very solemn.

"Things is lookin' very bad, Missah Briggs," sez he: "I'se b'en wantin' a talk wiv yer pow'ful bad, sah; there's a 'spiracy to bounce me, an' put Buck Latrobe in, sah."

"The devil there is!" sez I.

"Yas, Missah Briggs, a bilin of dem ongrateful, no-'count, up-country coons sez I ain't big 'nuff to fill de cha'r no mo', and dey's 'cided to 'lect dat big yam. Nuffin' but a niggerent field-nigger. De hull trubble is I'se too bright." He meant light-complected: he was a mulatter, an', yer know, the full-blooded coon hates the 'yaller ones wuss'n pison. Well, to cut it short, he told me Buck's friends was workin' hard in the parishes, and he 'spected they'd bring down such a delegation to the Convention that he wouldn't have no livin' show.

Sez I: "What yer worryin' over that for? Let 'em send 'long the hull bilin. Bring 'em up," sez I: "same's yer did last time."

"I'se 'feard I can't manage dat ar, sah. Dem coons knows more dan dey did den. 'Sides—well, yer see, I didn't 'zackly settle wid 'em all, den. Kinder forgot it after 'lection. Dey'll want cash down dis trip."

Yer see, the darned fool had bin playin' smart on his own hook. That was the first I knew of it; but, Lord, I couldn't say narithin'.

This spot-cash bizness was a sticker, for the General Committee wasn't doin' the right thing by us that year. Anyhow, it wuzn't goin' to do to lose the little feller. He had sense, for a nigger, and was as square as a die. Eddicated, too; could read and write. So I went down to the Custom-House to see Jim 'bout it, and between us we fixed up our little game. We was both pretty full by the time we got her shaped, but she was a daisy, I'm tellin' yer, and no flies.

Next day we opened an account for Julius—that was the Loo-tenant-Guv'nor—at the bank, and posted the cashier, a good friend of ours. We paid out twenty cases for a dizzy check-book for him, too. It was magnif'—way up: Vanderbilt ain't got no sech check-book. State arms in blue and silver, red numbers, and Julius 'Gustus Cæsar printed in gold 'cross the end. Then we posted the nigger.

Putty soon Convention-time come 'round, and the delegates was showin' up lively. Sech a gang! And every cussid nigger howlin' for Latrobe and reform. Ah! it was sick. Some on 'em, in course, had to steer for Cæsar's office to see how he was takin' it. He

was terrible glad to see 'em: 'membered all their names; 'membered all they'd done for him; so glad they was delegates, an' all that guff. Then he'd shut the door, myster'us-like, and go for 'em this way:

"Now, ole man, yo' an' me is fr'en's; yo' ain't like dese yere fool niggers w'at's goin' back on me. Dey's strikers, dey is, and right now is whar dey gits left. You'se got sense, you is. So's I, ole man, so's I. I ain't b'en Loo-tenant-Guv'nor fo' nuffin', an' I don' hev my fr'en's comin' down heah fo' nuffin', eider. I ain't no sich a man." Then out would come the check-book. "Dar, now, don' yo' say nuffin'. Yo' jes' stick dat in yo' close, an' keep yo' mouf shut."

"Wha' dat? Wha' dat 'ar?" the coon 'd ask, with his eyes a-bulgin'.

"Dat, sah, is my check, sah, fo' five hunner dollars; an' ef dat ain't 'nuff, jes say de word. Tell yer, ole man, if I'se in fo' 'nudder term, I'll jes' nat'rally own dis town, an' I don' forgit my fr'en's. Yo' take dat 'ar lilly paper roun' to de bank de day

arter de Convention, an' if I'se named—min' yo', if I'se named fo' Loo-tenant - Guv'nor, yo' walks out wiv five hunner dollahs in yo' pocket. Da's wha' yo' does. Goo'-by, ole man; come 'gain."

Young feller, that check was dated jest three days after the Convention was to meet. Begin to tumble! Oh, yes, you see it all now! Oh, yes! Jest hold on a minute.

For two days there was a steady stream of niggers in and out of that office, and ev'ry cussid one went out with a check. Some on 'em was corkers, too; for, towards the last, Cæsar got reckless, and didn't give a darn how much he drew 'em for.

The Convention met. Buck was blowin' round tremenjes. Cæsar warn't sayin' narithin'; but he got re-nominated on the first ballot, allee-samee.

There warn't no row to speak of. Latrobe tried to make a fuss; but nobody backed him, an' he had to come off. The nomination was made unanimous. Cæsar was speakin' his little piece when a telegram was handed him. He glanced at it careless-like, an' then you just ought to have seen his face. He stopped right short, tried to say suthin', choked, and bolted. He was a born actor, that coon.

Somebody picked up the telegram, and 'nounced that the Loo-tenant-Guv'nor's wife and all his kids was at the point of death, and he must come at once. Jim wanted to ring in his father, and the old woman, too; but I wouldn't have it.

The Convention adjourned very sorrowful, and the niggers turned in early, bein' mostly all flat broke, and bound to be on hand at that bank on time next mornin', if it took a leg.

It was all we could do to keep Cæsar quiet that night. He was the worst scared man I ever see; and Jim and me didn't feel any too comfortable, neither. For we knew there was goin' to be razors talked around that bank next day; and if the cashier give us away, and that crowd got hold of us, it was good-by, John. Mad niggers is bad men.

But we was in for it, and next mornin', 'bout 'leven o'clock, I kinder loafed round by the bank, careless-like, and I saw what I won't forget in a hurry. 'Bout a thousan' crazy mad niggers, bucks, wenches and pickaninnies. Yer see, the delegates had been goin' it on the strength of them checks, and was to plank up for their debts that mornin', right then and there. There's no use my tryin' to describe it to yer. I ain't no hand on scenery and dizzy talk and sich. It was a young riot. The bank had got the perlice thar, and it was a good thing. I was a-goin' in to have a talk with that cashier; but I guessed it wasn't best, just then. I left. I told Jim about it, and Cæsar heard us talkin'. He took to the swamp that night.

However, next day the niggers was quieter. They'd no idea of actin' together; each one was lookin' out for



## THE LEFT ONE.

TO THE PLACQUE THAT HE BOUGHT BECAUSE IT LOOKED LIKE—

I.  
Clorinda, the years  
That divide me from you  
Are more than a hundred,  
And possibly two.  
And—what parts our two souls  
Even further away—  
You're a bogus bronze plaque,  
Made of *papier maché*.

II.  
But how like, O Clorinda,  
To her whom I knew  
A twelvemonth now vanished—  
How like her are you!  
For you're pretty, and shallow,  
And vanity-thin—  
A surface of beauty,  
And nothing within.



III.  
As you hang on the walls  
Of my bachelor room,  
I worship in clouds  
Of tobacco perfume;  
As that incense arises  
In front of your shrine,  
I dream on the days  
When I thought she was mine.

IV.  
The resemblance is doubtless  
A matter of chance;  
But you're much like the maiden  
Who led me a dance.  
And the marked point of difference—  
My heart-strings, why stir?—  
Is this: that I've got you,  
And have n't got *her*.

ABE AURDER.



himself, and what they was lookin' out for was enough money to get 'em started for home on the quiet, without ponyin' up for their bills.

Then Jim and me sailed in, though you can bet we wasn't hankerin' for the job. We had a list of all the niggers who'd got checks, and we laid out to meet 'em, here and there, casual-like. Lord, the way they talked! I was glad Cæsar had lit out. Those coons would 'a' burned him alive. It made me feel cold around the stomach to hear 'em.

You bet I was sorry for 'em, joined right in, and near broke my jaw tryin' to cuss Cæsar harder'n they did. I always ended up by tellin' 'em that, though I was about broke myself, I wasn't goin' to stand by and see them sufferin'. Then, after a good deal of palaver, I'd shell out a few dollars and collar the check. That was for evidence, yer see, to hang Cæsar if I ever caught him, or some such taffy. It was easy 'nough. They didn't have no use for them checks, just then. Five dollars was big enough for the biggest he drew. It didn't cost the Campaign Fund more 'n three hundred altogether, and in two days we had every bloody check but one, and that the darned fool had given a town nigger for a ginooine debt. It was only for fifty, so we let her slide. Turned out a blamed good thing, too.

Well, we had the papers, the niggers was gone, and all we wanted now was Cæsar to close the thing up. It was two weeks before he showed up, and then he was so scared that he wanted to back down and give in completely.

It was a tough job to get him to face the music; but we went for him so savage that at last he got more scared of us than he was of the delegates, and promised to obey orders.

So, one day, the papers announced in various language, accordin' to politics, that the Lootenant-Guv'nor had come back, that the kids was better, and that, "havin' been obliged by his hurried and unexpected departure to leave his biz'ness in some confusion," he would be pleased to have all persons holdin' claims against him to call at his office on such and such a day, and he would pony up.

At the hour Cæsar was at his desk, and the fellers with the claims wasn't far off. The outside office was full of 'em. Jim and I was in a little room back of Cæsar's, with the door on a crack.

We had raked together a good lot of money, got a lot of "queer"—easy enough for us—and Cæsar's desk was ready for visitors, I'm tellin' yer. It was jest piled with bills of all sizes, and the top ones was good, with here and there a crooked five hundred or thousand, for effect, like. With two big policemen to guard the wealth, Cæsar sat back in his chair, the swellest-lookin' coon you ever see.

Sez Cæsar to another policeman at the office-door:

"I'm ready for biz'ness, off'cer. See if Missah Johnsing is thar."

He was the coon that had the fifty check. You bet Johnson was thar.

"Fetch him in," sez Cæsar.

In he comes, very perlite, as soon as he got his eyes sot on the table.

"Glad to see you back, Guv'nor," sez he, bowin'.

"Thank you, sah. What can I do for you, sah?"

"Well, Guv'nor, I kinder thort p'r'aps I'd better done tell you 'bout dat check—"

"What check is dat you is 'ferrin' to, Johnsing?" sez Cæsar: "I dror so many."

"Yes, sah, I knows you does, sah. Dis is de check. Yer see, de bank acted puffickly ridick'lous—"

"I've heerd o' dat ar," sez Cæsar, very fierce: "an' I tell you wot 'tis, Missah Johnsing, dat bank don' do no biz'ness in dis town no mo'. De ideah of refusin' my check! If dey t'ink dey is goin' on in dis ridick'lous way, injurin' my credit, de credit of de state, sah, dey is mistook, dat is all, dey is mistook. I'se glad to hear, Mr. Johnsing, you's not been gassin' 'bout me: de men wot have, sah, is goin' to hear from me, sah, darn soon, sah. Lemme see de check." He looked it over very careful.

"Dat 'pears to be all right, sah. Has you change for dis?" 'n' he holds up a thousand-dollar note: "No? P'r'aps dey may have sent me some lilly ones for change. Yas, here is a fifty. Da's right, I b'lieve, sah. Good-day, sah."

Off went Johnson to spread the news. We give him time to do it, and for it to work, too. Lord, you never heard such a gabble as those coons outside set up.

Pretty soon the next man was let in. He was a delegate, an' his check was for five thou'. The perliceman at the door left it half open for the benefit of the outsiders.

The coon come in smilin', and when he got on to that boodle he just looked heavenly.

"How is yer, Guv'nor?" sez he, stickin' out his paw.

Cæsar never noticed it.

"Watch the moneey, officers," sez he: "Now, sah, what do you mean, sah, by off'r'in' dat han' to me? I know you, sah! Yo' is a fro'd, sah! You is one ob de men what, when my chilluns was dyin', lied about me, sah—cussed me!—said you was goin' to cut my black heart out. For why?—for why? 'Cos', in de mis'ry an' de trubble, I forgot to keep my bank-'count up, sah. Forgot dat I had frown you a trifle to keep yo' goin', and dat you was so low down, so niggerent, dat you might 'spect me if yo' dirty lilly money wasn't right dar on de nail. I'se no mo' use for yo', sah. Take yo' money and git, an' don' nebber 'dress me again!"

"But, Guv'nor—" began the coon.

"Keep yo' mouf shut, sah! How much yo' want? Five-thousand dollars? Da dey is, sah. No, sah, don' you dar' come no nearer to me. Off'cer gin dat pusson his money, an' gin me my check."

The money was handed the coon.

"The check, off'cer," sings out Cæsar, sharp-like.

"B—b—but, Guv'nor—"

"Whar am dat check, sah? Off'cer, arres' dat man!"

In course, the coon had to own up he didn't have no check, and then there was music.

How Cæsar did go for him! The off'cers grabbed him, clapped the bracelets on him, and started to run him in. The coon had to get right down on his knees, right thar before all the crowd, and beg like a hound before Cæsar let him off with such a tongue-lashin' as one coon never gave another before. He overdid it, for he was a big chump, anyhow, and had the other feller foul. After the off'cers had fired the delegate out, Cæsar sits back in his chair, and sings out "Next!"—barber-shop fashion. There warn't no next. They'd had their fill. The office was clear.

Jim and me know'd it wouldn't be long before

they was after us; but we had biz'ness just then that took us North, and kept us there for a good spell.

Yes, young feller, that was the end of it. Cæsar was never asked to cash any more of those checks.

Pooh! That's narthin' to some of the things I could tell yer 'bout them times. Never heard 'bout Sherman Parish, did yer? Now, that was a queer thing, too.



It is said that the French have more suspension bridges than any other nation in the world. That may be; but America can beat France in the matter of business suspensions and suspenders generally.—*Peck's Sun*.

WHEN a young man nowadays wants to call himself a tough, he simply remarks: "I'm a spring-chicken." Every one who boards will readily understand him.—*San Francisco Post*.

Dear, sweet, witty, charming, wide-awake, ain't afraid of the best of 'em PUCK has sent his annual batch of PICKINGS on a benighted and starving world. PUCK's PICKINGS is a *mélange* of goodies selected with the nicest discrimination, and gathered between artistically constructed covers. The issue is superb, and any individual who enjoys innocent and clean-cut fun will find that in no way can they get the worth of twenty-five cents better than by buying PICKINGS FROM PUCK.—*Whitehall Times*.

Hatting, as carried on by Espenscheid, is very successful. He is a Complete Master of the business, and his hats of the Summer Styles command the approval and admiration of gentlemen of taste and fashion in dress. These superb fabrics are sold at the "Old Land-mark," 118 Nassau Street. Established forty years ago.

REED & CARRICK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE. Recommended by the Public Health Association as superior and least expensive of all disinfectants and germicides. Cholera, Diphtheria, Fever, Malaria, etc., prevented by its use. Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet.

REED & CARRICK, 182 Fulton Street, New York. 177

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all drinks and cures dyspepsia, diarrhoea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or your druggist for the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

#### PRACTICAL.



Mrs. S.—"You're a heartless brute—I don't believe you'd shed a tear if I was in my grave before you."

Mr. S.—"Bring on your grave, and let's see whether I would or not."



**WHEN** you go into a Drug Store and ask for 'Ginger' or 'Jamaica Ginger' you seldom get the **GENUINE GINGER**. Always ask for **Fred'k Brown's**  
**Fred. Brown's**  
 OR  
**F. Brown's**  
**GINGER**

And you will get the Genuine Article, made in Philadelphia, which will give **RELIEF** in Cramps, Colic and Stomach-ache, &c. The Only Reliable.

"BLESSED are the peace-makers." Bismarck gets three hundred dollars a day for keeping all Europe in a state of fighting suspense about what he is going to do next. General Komaroff gets one hundred thousand roubles for killing a few Afghans, and standing all India up on end, a good cannon costs eleven thousand dollars, and a city missionary wears out his life for six hundred dollars a year, and you can get a Bible of the Tract Society for nothing.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A PERSIAN philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered:

"By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

According to this notion, a five-year-old boy traveling in the cars with his mother ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.—*Norristown Herald*.

A NEW YORK cork merchant, who ought to know better, says: "All our corks are taken from the bark of the cork oak." Nonsense. There are more corks taken from beer and champagne bottles in America every year than he ever saw taken from all the oaks in the park.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

WHEN a Chinese laundryman sends home with his customers' collars and cuffs a set of steel-plated finger-nails, warranted not to snap off when buttoning a collar or a cuff to a shirt, he will receive more work and fewer curses.—*Norristown Herald*.

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**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely Cleanses and Enriches the Blood. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. The Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

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**WATCHES.**

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Are unequalled and Reliable. Send for sample copies of Spalding's Journal of Field Sports, Spalding's Bicycle Journal, Spalding's Angler, Spalding's Journal of Summer Sports.

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Oldest house in the world for the manufacture of Baby Carriages. Newest patterns in rattan, reed and wood. Centennial and other awards. Springs, gearing and work indorsed by J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., Dr. Shady and other physicians as safe and healthful. Catalogue free. **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

OPEN EVENINGS.



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For the cure of Scrofula, Stomach, Liver, and Kidney troubles, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and effective remedy in use. I sell more of it than of all other Sarsaparillas.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

**OUR DRUGGIST**

Says that when a customer asks for THE BEST Spring Medicine he confidently recommends

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

From E. S. Russell, Druggist, Nashua, N. H.

"I have been in the drug and prescription business, in Nashua, over forty years, and am the oldest druggist here. I was the first to introduce your valuable medicines in this city. I believe in them. Ayer's Sarsaparilla I take pleasure in recommending to my customers, well knowing it to give satisfaction. In all my experience, as a druggist, I have yet to hear the first complaint against it."

From C. Way & Co., Portland, Me.

"We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for years, and our customers are much pleased with its effects. We believe it to be one of the best medicines in the market."

From A. S. Putnam, Druggist, 37 Park st., Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my opinion, has no equal as a blood purifier. It is a standard medicine; as much so as any pharmaceutical preparation in my store. I have sold this remedy for many years, and it always gives perfect satisfaction to my customers. It is made of the best ingredients, from a formula of extraordinary merit, well known to physicians and druggists."

For the cure of Scrofula, Stomach, Liver, and Kidney troubles, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and effective remedy in use. I sell more of it than of all other Sarsaparillas.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## SIMPLICITY AND EQUITY.

One of the neatest, simplest and most attractive policy contracts now issued by an insurance company is the new Accident Policy of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Those who have any acquaintance at all with insurance business, or the men engaged in it, know that the complexity and volume of conditions on policies is not due to the wishes of those who issue them; that a company would far rather issue a policy with no conditions at all, and that the multiplied provisions and restrictions on their policies have been gradually forced on them by the dishonesty of policy-holders and the monstrously strained decisions of the courts. THE TRAVELERS has been an unusually severe sufferer from this cause, but they have at last determined to make a brave trial, and deserve equity if they cannot receive it. Their new policy is a model of brevity and compactness, the conditions being cut down to not much more than a third of their former volume, and stated in admirably clear and lucid language. The most unlettered man could not hesitate for an instant over the meaning of its concise, emphatic, and even curt sentences, and it would seem that even a court could hardly find ambiguity in them. They are also very broad and fair; and the fact that the company refuses to pay for injuries received through violation of law, or in blood-feuds or drunken fights, should only make honest men feel all the more certain of receiving their just claims.

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Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children,  
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INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or  
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THERE are few more impressive spectacles in this world than a powerful locomotive laboring through a heavy snow-storm. To the observer beside the track it looms up through the gloom tremendous and awful. The locomotive seems the embodiment of the death-angel, moving swiftly and noiselessly. The snow has muffled the whirl of the rolling friction of the wheels on the rails, and the train glides by like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. With its black breath, its snorts of fire, its hoarse voice, it is truly Apollyon, the destroying angel, and the man must be unimpressible, indeed, who does not feel a thrill at its advent.—*Mechanical Engineer.*

You can buy an eighty-ton gun, steel tube, with wrought-iron coils, best English make, for fifty thousand dollars. This is a great deal of money to pay for one gun; but any farmer with running water, plenty of fruit, pleasant hills, and forty acres of forest on his farm, and nine or ten families of relatives in New York and Philadelphia, will find the outlay not only a justifiable expense, but really one of the most profitable investments he ever made.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is said the total amount of money Teller Scott stole from the Manhattan Bank was \$160,610.40. It is believed the bank officials will permit him to retain the forty cents for his honesty, if he will return the \$160,610.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SCIENTIST has discovered that drinking too much coffee will cause bald heads. If this be so, what passes for coffee in the average boarding-house is a blessing in disguise as a hair-preserver.—*Boston Gazette.*

THE Revised Version renders Psalms xii, 5: "I will set him in safety at whom they puff." This is glorious news for the men who are grievously beset by the advertising solicitors.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Fatal Delays in Pneumonia.

Time is of immense importance in fighting Pneumonia. An hour wasted is often fatal in its consequences. Therefore never trifle with moments on such occasions. Keep the patient in a pure, equable atmosphere, and use prompt prescriptions of DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, with proper personal care, and you will have done more than an army of doctors could accomplish a few hours later. No case was ever lost under such treatment. The best families keep it regularly in the house, and any reliable druggist or grocer can supply it.

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## A Case Resembling that of Gen. Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek, to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Traylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of La Grange, Ga.

MRS. MARY L. COMER.

LaGrange, Ga., May 14, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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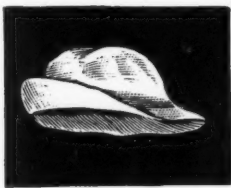
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**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
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To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
**L. FUNKE, JR.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
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A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER wants to know "How can I earn a living without working myself to death?" Oh, well, you might just starve yourself to death; that would be easy, requiring little or no effort. Just go to Texas and preach the gospel, and you'll get there some time during the first quarter.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A NEWS item says that "sharks have appeared off the coast at Long Branch." This seems like a rather impolite way of announcing that landlords have opened their hotels for the season. *Norristown Herald.*

A FLYING snake has been seen in Nevada; but then treating has been abolished by law, which is probably the cause of the snake's flight.—*Boston Post.*

Travelers should be prepared for the changes of weather and against the effects of exposure by providing themselves with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—the best made.

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 THE GREAT RELISH.

**HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.**  
 Packages, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Phila., Pa.

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**J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.**  
 51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Numbers 9, 10, 26 and 371 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

## SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler and Tooth Brush,

Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00.

And if not perfectly satisfactory in every case, the money will be promptly returned.

Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly bang, crimp or curl the hair, beard or moustache by a new method, or to possess sound, white teeth and rosy gums, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions.

Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed by

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**THE PALL MALL  
 ELECTRIC  
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 OF LONDON,  
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### THE LONDON ASSOCIATION

now offer to the American public their new **Electric Hair, Beard and Moustache Currier.** It is a handsome article, nickel-plated, with an ebonized handle, and it should occupy a place in the toilet of every lady and gentleman in America.

It aids the hair, beard or moustache can be curled in any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Those who wear crimps or other forms of false hair will find this Electric Currier a very useful article. It does not break off and ruin the hair like the ordinary crimping process, and in wet or hot weather it works as quickly as in cold. For curling the Moustache or Beard in a moment it has no equal, while it is so simple in its operation that any one can use it properly the first time. Directions accompany each one.

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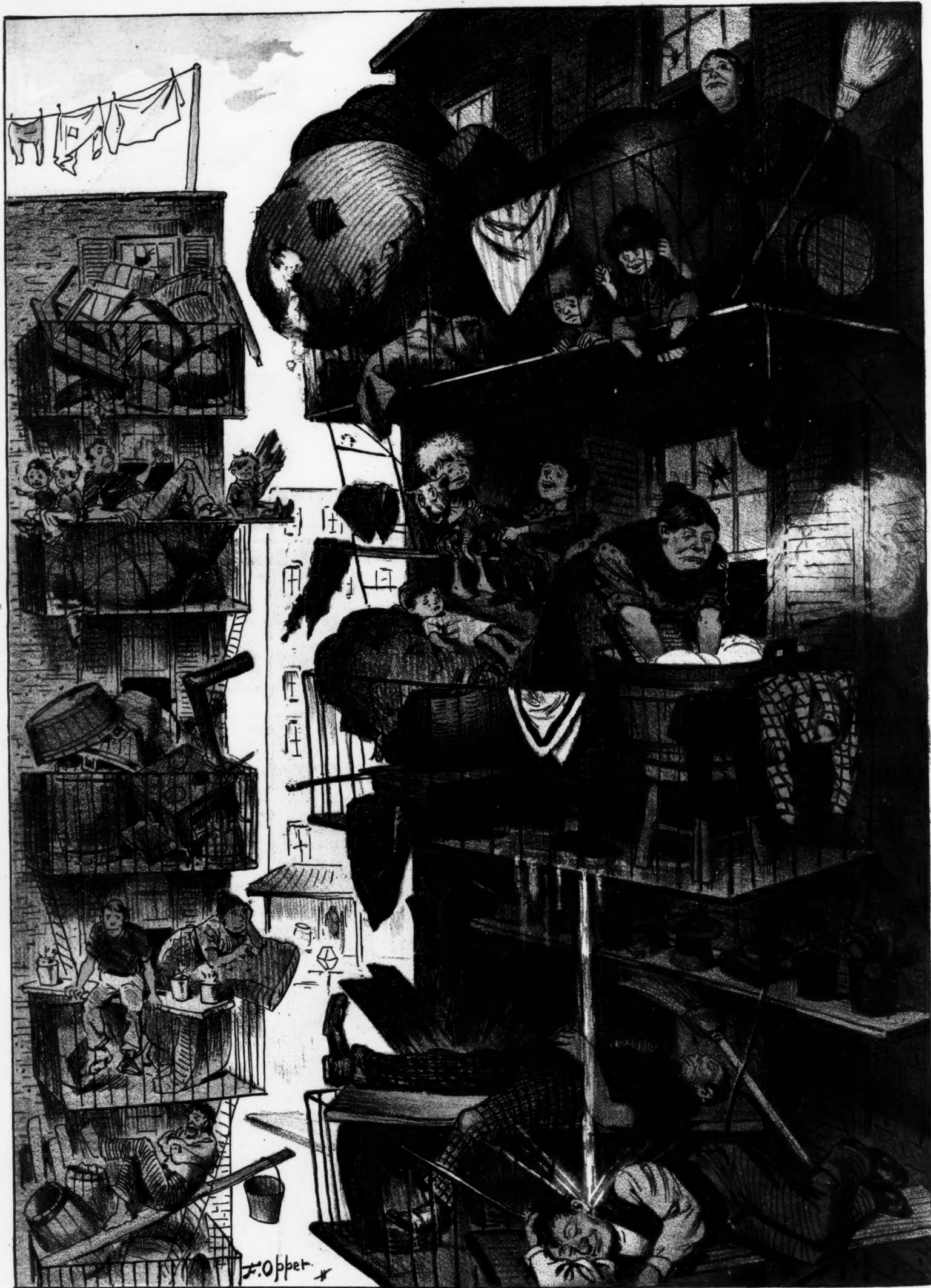
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